

## Watch Me Touch Myself by MissCorn

**Series:** [The Year We Waited \(Mileven One-Shots\) \[1\]](#)

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**Summary:**

After the Snow Ball, Eleven and Hopper are back to staying hidden, but Hop lets her see her friends once per month to keep her satisfied. A little fluff regarding those monthly meet ups plus a heated night!

OR

Eleven is getting more powerful and one night while using her powers she stumbles upon a horny Mike ;)

# Watch Me Touch Myself

## Author's Note:

\* You can find me at <https://mikes2ndcousinfromsweden.tumblr.com/> where you can always send me requests <3

\* This is my first fanfic on Stranger Things and feedback is always welcomeeee!

(\* The characters are all aged-up)

Jim Hopper had everything under control, everything figured out. The rules were back and fully active and Eleven would continue to stay hidden for another year. BUT! When he saw how disciplined, and pleased at the same time, El was after seeing her friends again and going to the Snow Ball with Mike, *she stopped counting days, she followed the rules, she didn't act like a prisoner or a little brat anymore and wouldn't make a big fuss if Jim forgot to inform her on extra busy days that he wouldn't be home for a couple more hours, like she did the last days before running away to search for her mother*, he promised her that she could go outside once every month, after dark, preferably to one of the boys' homes, and be back before dawn, preferably brought back by one of the parents or Jonathan. And that promise was a *true* promise. One he would never break. Oh, and TV at all times.

Three months had passed since the Snow Ball and the year was now 1985. She missed Mike more and more as the day of their future meeting was getting closer and the day of their last meeting was getting further away. She had craved to touch him again from the moment their eyes met through his living room window that night she killed the Demogorgon, and the day she came back from Chicago she got to do it. To *actually* hold him and be held by him, finally, not just observe him one-sidedly without him knowing with the help of her psychic powers and then turn him into smoke every time she tried to touch him. When they pulled apart she noticed there was a height difference now, one she wasn't used to before, but grew to

love instantly, and he felt bigger, stronger in her arms making her feel protected and safe.

At the Snow Ball they had kissed again. She had tried to do so the day they reunited, but had failed due to the circumstances that surrounded them. One of these circumstances being Jim calling her name seconds before their lips could touch. Maybe she wasn't completely sure what kissing meant even now, but the people inside the television, *"actors" said Jim's voice in her mind*, were doing it when they loved each other, and quite frankly that's how she felt around Mike. Their first kiss might have been unexpected, but the one at the ball was definitely desired by both sides. When it was time to leave and go back to staying hidden from the world, Mike had taken her hand and hauled her away from the gym, where the dance floor was, and to the north wing of the school. At first he looked like he was struggling to find the words to express himself avoiding to meet her eyes, but El knew. She could read him like an open book.

*"I'm not going away ever again, Mike."*

She reached out with her hand to cup his cheek lifting his face so he could see in her eyes that she *truly* meant it. Then she stood on her tip toes rising herself a little higher and he leaned closer. They kissed, but this time it was deeper. After the first peck, he came in with force, crushing their lips together, his arms coming to hug her waist, pushing her against the corridor wall. She felt the tip of his tongue asking for permission to enter her mouth causing her eyes to fly wide open at the new sensation and her mouth to shyly open up. Her body seemed to know how to react better than she thought, imitating Mike's motions effortlessly pushing her tongue in when he took his out. Her hand, which was still placed at the side of his face, moved to the back of his neck pulling him closer. He tasted like strawberry punch and she couldn't get enough. It was kind of sloppy and sometimes their teeth bumped, but no one seemed to care. His hand came up to hold her face tilted and he pressed their bodies together, while El's hand smoothly made its way under his suit and ended up on top of his chest, burning a hand-like hole through his shirt with her petite palm. Suddenly, steps startled them and they glanced flushed at their direction trying to make out who it was.

*"Dustin?"*, they both wondered, their minds still hazy from making

out.

*“You’ve been gone for half an hour!”*

Mike and Eleven exchanged a concerned look and ran after Dustin back to the gym. Hopper had just entered and was looking around searching for her. Their eyes met and he headed towards them with heavy steps. She let go of his hand gradually, delaying the inevitable parting of their ways and they both acted their most innocent selves. The night had come to an end, but now they knew that she was his and he was hers, and in a month they would be together again.

In January, she convinced Hopper to let her stay overnight at the Wheeler’s and he agreed with only one condition: Lucas, Will and Dustin would also sleepover. She had arrived earlier than the guys to have some alone time with Mike and they mostly spent it holding and kissing each other lazily in comfortable silence, arms and legs tangled on his basement couch, no need for words when they could communicate their feelings so perfectly through their actions. They had stayed like this, staring and smiling at one another, her hand on his hip touching his bare, smooth skin that had been exposed by his shirt sliding up, his fingertips drawing circles on her back occasionally stopping at the nape of her neck to draw her to a kiss. Their lips touching tenderly, at first not even bothering to open up, then things got heated and their curious and hungry hands went travelling up and down each other’s bodies before it got back to being a lazy make out session minutes before the guys knocked on the front door.

The rest of the evening was just secret touches under the table, quick pecks on the lips that earned them diverse reactions each time, and El using her powers to lift Mike’s shirt a few inches winning herself a smirk and a mischievous look from him.

February had her practicing her powers more often. After Kali helped her somehow expand them, she was able to visit Mike at almost any time, even without using a cloth over her eyes or turning on some kind of static sound to cut off the outside noise. When they met they had talked about it and now he knew that when he felt her presence, she actually *was* there. She was able to see more, now, than just the person she had in mind and stay concentrated for longer periods of

time. She could see more objects and details, sometimes whole rooms if they were small or simple enough. It felt more solid, genuine in existence and made her feel a sense of accomplishment, like she was getting better, getting somewhere, evolving.

One time she visited Mike and the guys at school, and sat with them for a whole hour, attending the class of Mr. Clarke. He was the science teacher she met the first week she escaped from Hawkins Lab, as *Mike's second cousin from Sweden*. At the time she wasn't in a position to understand how ridiculous and childish that explanation must have sounded, but now she smiled and giggled at the memory of their reactions and random thinking under pressure. The guys always talked about him and how great he was, and now she was seeing him in *action*, or more like *spying* him in action. She could see all four of her friends plus Mr. Clarke, the blackboard, part of the tiled floor and all their desks. That was more people than she had ever visited at once *ever* before and it made her feel... normal. For an hour she was a typical tenth grader like any other, in high school, attending classes amongst her best friends and the boy she liked.

Other times she visited the Wheeler's basement when the boys were playing Dungeons & Dragons, observing their moves and language, "*terminology*" said *Hopper*, in order to understand how to play this board game the next time they all meet and keep up with the plot and story.

What she usually did, though, was to visit Mike at night. She would lie down on her right side and wait till Jim went to bed as well, then she would close her eyes and bring Mike's features to her mind, his black mop of hair, his deep brown eyes, his high cheekbones, his uncountable freckles, his full lips and how they felt through hers, and imagine herself being drawn to him. Then she would find herself either wandering in his room, spotting him already at his bed or already next to him as he would always lie at the left side of his bed, turned to his side waiting for her. As her powers were getting stronger she was able to make her presence more noticeable, like slightly moving the curtains or whispering some words. Like a ghost. Mike believed that she might be able to teleport at some point in the near future. So, when she visited Mike she would observe him, listen to his breathing, touch his hair, *he said that once he felt her caressing*

*him, and it made her cheeks all rosy although they had gone further than just simple fond touches, and imagine how it would feel to sleep next to him with her body not only her mind.*

The day before their March meet up, Eleven closed her eyes and thought of Mike's curls. She was back at the no-place, when she saw a light and followed it. As she got closer she saw part of the Wheeler's bathroom and Mike brushing his teeth, then drinking some water and spitting it to the sink before heading back to his bedroom with El following him from behind. Some minutes had passed and he seemed uneasy and uncomfortable under his covers, turning from side to side and throwing his arm over his eyes. His other hand, slid slowly from the top of his stomach down his lower abdomen. He kicked his covers and readjusted his body, his arm no longer over his eyes, but on his side, and his head tilted backwards with closed eyes and parted lips. She stood there examining this new behavior of his, her eyes fixed on his hand, which was now massaging leisurely himself between his thighs. He pushed the waistband of his sweatpants lower down over his knees revealing his light grey boxer shorts that hung loosely around his hips and his- his hard on that was creating a small tent in his underwear, still restricted by the fabric. He inhaled deeply as he brushed over the length with his fingers, teasing himself, and his cock twitched, reacting to the soft caress, getting harder. He cupped his erection over the light fabric before hooking a thumb at the side of his boxers and lifting his hips from the bed to allow for his underwear to slide down his legs and meet his pants, freeing his cock, *that looked like it was already leaking*, with a bounce.

Eleven gasped at the sight. Guilt had built up inside her chest, but she was unable to make herself move. She had heard Lucas and Mike making masturbation jokes when at the basement but never paid much attention as she wasn't sure what most of the euphemisms they used really meant. Later on, when it was just the two of them she had asked Mike and he, *blushing*, had tried his best to explain what it was and the meaning behind some of the silly jokes. And that's how she knew how things would escalate from that point.

Subconsciously, she tightened her fists that were starting to sweat. He brought his hand up to his mouth and spit then wrapped it tightly

around his aching cock, his mouth opened wider, a groan escaping from his slick lips and she swallowed hard feeling a strange burning sensation in her belly. He stoked up and down a few times and spread his knees wider for better access. Eleven's breath caught in her throat and she had a brief look around the room feeling exposed even though she knew her body wasn't really there and no one could see or sense her.

His pace had quickened into a glide now, his hand moving faster up and down his shaft, his spit and precome producing a wet sound that made El lick her lips catching herself thinking about its taste. She watched as the flushed head of his cock disappeared into his fist and how the tip leaked more precome every few strokes when his hand was clenching at the base, his thumb coming to swipe it off from his slit. His breathing was becoming uneven, groans escaping his mouth every time he squeezed under the head of his cock, some of them successfully muffled by his teeth sinking into his free arm.

His hand was moving faster now, his moves turning sloppy, his heels dug to his mattress in order for him to thrust with his hips into his hand. He was mouthing something under his breath and Eleven, shyly, took one step closer to listen to his choked off whisper. "El-El..." Mike's strokes shortened turning to tight, rhythmic clenching around the head of his cock. His head dropped back as he gasped and stuttered out a moan, his back arching off his bed and he gave himself a final squeeze right at the base of his dick before his body stiffened. His cum came shooting in ropes at his bare stomach and t-shirt, he was panting, the movement of his hand slickening as cum leaked over the top of his hand, from between his fingers, and he used it to stroke his still hard cock once more.

El let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. Mike turned his head still coming down from his orgasm, lazily opened his eyes and *strangely* looked directly at her. She shifted uncomfortably. "El?" Shocked, she almost lost her focus. "I can feel you, El. You can't fool me. I felt your presence the moment I lowered my pants." He was still panting, but he had a grin on his face. "Your feelings gave you away. I could sense you." He said with a smirk and turned to look at the ceiling, relaxed. He sat up and took off his stained shirt, cleaning himself up and tucking his softening member back to his underwear.

She closed the distance between them and climbed into his bed. "Mike." She whispered in an apologetic tone. Their faces were inches away. She was so close to his barely clothed body and had the urge to kiss his swollen lips. "I wanted you to watch me." He turned and looked at her. Her heart skipped a beat.

\* \* \*

The next evening it was the first time Hopper saw El nervous about something that wasn't eggos. He drove her to the Wheeler's house, but the moment she opened the door he leaned over her and closed it. "You okay, kid?" Maybe he didn't always show it, but he *did* worry about her. She took her time to think and nodded with a small smile.

She stood outside the basement door, listening to their yelling, Dustin *purring* every now and then and Lucas and Will making assumptions about the monster that would enter the game in this round. She took a deep breath and opened the door. She went down the stairs, at first seeing only their colorful, stripped shirts, then Dustin's face, Lucas' and Will's and finally... Mike's. All of them had turned to see who it was, so no one noticed the naughty smirk Mike shoot El when their eyes met.

They all talked at the same time for a few minutes before bringing a chair for her to sit next to Mike. They all sat down and while the guys were back at making fun of Dustin's purrs, Mike leaned towards her, held her hand with his, intertwining their fingers and placing them on top of her lap and turned to kiss her on her cheek whispering "Thanks, for *coming!*" emphasizing that last word. She shifted to look at him and grinned widely before bringing their mouths together in a playful kiss. *That* was the first masturbation joke she understood.